Monks House

Jocunda

Thats very nice of you, about giving L a dog.
But at the moment I think he feels
two melancholy. I will let you know later - he
must have another.
mystery We left her in perfect health with
Percy, she was in the highest spirits for
the last fortnight.
Three Sibs; Clug for the Vet. who said
he didnt know what it was. but she
grew weaker, weaker, wouldnt eat. -
Did the night before we came. The woman
dog breeder here says she never saw a case
like this - an old dog (Pinka was only 8)
& to mix quite in the dark. The vet. at
one moment called it meningitis
No. Would we could come, but we go back
at midnight on Tuesday, after the Magic
Flute at Glyndebourne. I dont suppose you
went to be knocked up at the Pink Tower at
dawn. Dear me, what a lonely day
this is. V.

HAMILL & BARKER 2/5/62

Simon Beaucroix.

NYPL

NYPL

Wednesday

52 Tavistock Sqr.

Ge. we're just back, but sorry
down h- Monks for Whitsun.
Anet I got your bill, with pleasure.
but dedit thank I could let you off,
flying about as you were. Fred
Wine here through Germany. Holland
Austria. Italy — And we came
back h find Punka dead. But it
a miserable thing — Lecaud is so
unhappy. But the marriage went
to Italy & is well.
By the way. Swen Ravenat
want to illustrate the Land. I
told her to write to you.

V.

Back here on Wednesday.

A man came & asked me to be President of the PEN: & I said, Try Mr. Nicolson: although they jumped. Forgive my malice.

52 T. S. July 10. 1935

I'm so glad that the operation isn't to be as bad as you thought. And it would be very nice & reposeful to see you. But it must be before the 25th: as that's the day we go to Rodmell. So what be the 24th if you can. Would you send a line sometime?

Oh dear, I've got to go to Bristol & make a speech about Roger Fry's pictures! Why must one do these things? Except the hole in the sheet. I've got a black & white dog — a perfect lady. But I'm so hot: & I'm so bothered by flies — so no more.

Did you ever hear tell of the Amberleys — Bertie Russell's parents? I'm as bad as Ethel & her Barmy Any old Jonjo? She's a fascinating problem — was a Stanley

Monks Moore. 27th Aug 1935?

Bless my soul — how little you know me. Witness: "I had just been thinking how much I wanted to write to you" — you upbraid, because you thought my old fashioned manner wd. make me answer — what in the world should I like more than letter — daily letter. long letter — letter written ax on the top of the Post Tower with the swans circling! Lord love ye, as Rupert Brooke had to say — no swan Lorloveduke, — I want answer — do do pluck a swan, I beg it's feathers in green ink. Do. do: I dont accuse me of being a frozen fountain if I dont — answer.

Oh Ethel! I couldnot face her, though she was passing over. Her letter wound in of the was in a furious drooping mood, like a fish, although one

note- Every morning I set on- Now this
battering away about Maurice Barnes, with old
shots at Bloomsbury: but Maurice Maurice all
the time- The wind may change, but it always
blows now. Deepens I daresay. It
the solitude; she can't set rid of him mind in
talk: or rather, visit checked.

I'm better: but drove myself out another
headache trying to finish proofs: failed; we shall
for. Can't send them in time to print this
autumn- But never again will I read a long
book straight to the printer without reading the
type through. The men, the repetitions, the diffusion, the
Carelessness were, & still are, incalculable. At
my age, to try these freaks — however, I'm
slowly pulling up weeds

Yes. I think we must come over.
And you will write. to counteract
Ethel- Eleven I crawl: lying down.

V.

I'm such in the Russells. Do tell me about
any relations of yours. 1704 pages, but fascinating

Oct 1935 527

Sunday

Yes, the 28th lunch would suit perfectly. It be a great treat. I wish we could lunch alone; but lunching out is rather a noisy hour, so let lunch here, with L- & Nicky; & then perhaps you need'nt hurry off at once?

I heard you were in France, so didn't write; then that you were canvassing in Leicester. Perhaps that was only an excuse to get out of the horror of the Sunday Times show: which has been wasting my time, but then so has the Election. On Monday I have to

walk Brighton here for 4 hours while
Leonard takes votes to the Pole. Then
I shall call on Lady Sackville & ask for a
Cup of tea. Then I should drop dead
foaming at the mouth. Poisoned. All the
placards would say, Lady Novelist
poisoned by Peeress; & the sale of my book
would bound up — but I must not
Could continue this harrowing story at
it dinner time. I must take the pot from
the oven. What about Joan of Arc?
That a book I shall like; a long, true, passionate
& yet absolutely matter of fact book.
about 500 pages.
So the 28th at one.
Only you'll be late with pictures
And wear
your
Pearls
for Borman Potter's sake
V.

Monkey Home

Saturday

I wrote you a long, loving letter, & left it
on my table in London unstamped, & it went to.
If you only knew how we couldn't come in on
our way yesterday — but perhaps you'll
ask us over, when we could be simpler,
when we're home or come in gowns.
Do you like visit- you mother?
It a dismal grinding visit, & the
poor old creature is rapidly growing
blind. Yet is so strong she may reach 100.—
Aunt Ethel scrubbed is only 4 days
I hope you won't have a dreadful
time in London, & when I were
there to go on a jaunt, to Kew

I saw Ottoline the other night & heard about
her visit to Yeats, which should set
Dotty up these 15 years. & I hope will
pluma her feathers & he, & make her
sing like a nightingale. Not that it
alters my own opinion one jot.

I've got such a mass of writing &
reading to do down here & can only
sit on the terrace & look at a
swarm of bees. & read Cobham
Navigator. I've seen too many
humans & like a long dose of donkeys.
So come, we must let us come to see.
& as I say, please let though all
these horrors & come out at the
end still carrying the poor
Potto without a tail. Oh Ethel!

The royal Jordan party &c -
but no room or
time for more.

V

NYPL HAMILL T. BARKER 2/15/62